

THE WASHINGTON TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

The Last Day Of the Week Is Saturday

Saturday, Famed In Song and Story As Bath Night, Is One of the Busiest Little Days in the Whole Week. Besides Being a Perfectly Good Day of Twenty-four Hours, It is the Vestibule To the Day of Rest—And All Vestibules Are Busy Places.

I AM THE SPIRIT OF SATURDAY. When I approach there is confusion, and bustle, and change. The whole world (at least the whole Christian world) wouldn't be necessary to even say this if some people weren't so apt to pick flaws. As I was saying, the whole Christian world, and some that isn't, come to think of it, celebrate Saturday. Certainly they celebrate Saturday. Isn't getting ready to do something just as much of a celebration as doing it? And everyone on Saturday gets ready for Sunday. Stores close, people take weekly baths, in some districts; everything gets ready to stop for one whole day. Manifestly, if one waited to do everything on Monday, one would be late. And although Saturday is early it is better to be early than late at life and business; so people celebrate Saturday.

In spite of themselves, children remain home from school, the school teachers go down into the kitchen and "do up" their handkerchiefs and collars. Whenever the housekeeper will let them, and all is merry and confused. For I am the spirit of Saturday.

And yet knowing all of that, the average woman goes ahead and usually tries to plan to do things on Saturday and then gets furious when they don't pan out.

The Gentleman on Our Left says that if all of the women in the world had their dearest wishes filled that it would be just the same thing as before. Some of 'em would be thin and some of 'em fat.

While bread is now six cents a loaf with prospects it is high time for some body to come along with the prototype of the Marie Antoinette joke about cake.

THE CONDUCTOR.

Question Box

Times Inquiry Editor—Can you tell me how to renovate fox fur that are practically new and yet look badly?

A GOOD brushing and beating is good for furs. Hanging them in the air several days also makes them look better. A furrier will steam them and make them look like new for a small cost.

Times Question Box—Can you give any information regarding the marriage laws of Pennsylvania and New Jersey? Are persons from other States allowed to take out licenses there?

Persons from other States are allowed to take out licenses in the States you mention. Marriage of first cousins is forbidden in Pennsylvania, however, and of step relatives in both States.

Times Pattern Service

SOMETHING new may be said about nightgowns, as we study the garment illustrated. Exceptionally well made, it will easily be chosen because it is on the most advanced lines for comfort in undergarments. Notice that the sleeves extend to the neck edge, also the shape of the neck and flat collar finish; the facing where the front is slashed to just the right depth is also noteworthy, and the skirt portion is roomy and falls to the desired length. Of course the making is the very simplest of little leisure time tasks.

The nightgown pattern cuts in sizes 30 to 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 1/4 yards 36-inch material.

To obtain this pattern fill out the coupon and enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin. Address Pattern Department, Washington Times, Munsey Building, D. C.

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(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON.)

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE

October 28.

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Stories of Stories

THE MAKING OF A NEW YORKER. By O. Henry.

RAGGLES was a tramp. But he was also something more than a tramp. He was a philosopher and a poet. Not that he ever wrote poetry. Instead, he lived it. He wandered aimlessly from place to place, studying each city and seeking to strike its keynote and to get its own particular local color.

For example, Pittsburgh made him think of "Othello," played in Russian by a minstrel troupe. Boston made him feel as if he was drinking cold tea, with a wet white cloth tied about his head.

Chicago seemed to him a mixture of breezy, glittering promises and potato salad.

And so, at last, in his wandering he came to Manhattan Island. It was his first visit to America's greatest city. He had saved the best for the last. He wanted especially to grasp the secret of New York's individuality.

But for the first hour or two this seemed a hopeless task. The hardness, the bustle, the heartlessness of the city smote him. And that was all.

He stood at last on a corner of Broadway trying hopelessly to solve the puzzle; to guess the keynote of the bewildering place. He stared at the passers-by.

Along came a pink-faced, steel-eyed, white-haired, tall, modeled old gentleman. Then a tall, goddess-like woman, icy and exquisite. Next a sullenly stalwart, broad-jawed youth, with a cigar stub in his iron mouth corner.

Raggles noted these three types among the crowd. Then he started to cross the street. And a whizzing automobile hit him, sending his body flying eighteen feet through space and landing him senseless in the gutter.

Very slowly the injured Raggles recovered consciousness. Before he opened his eyes he was aware of a wonderful odor, as of crushed violets. He was bathing his muddy brow.

Raggles looked up and saw the beautiful woman he had noticed in the crowd a few minutes earlier. She was kneeling beside him bathing his forehead with her perfumed handkerchief. Her priceless furs were heaped as a pillow between Raggles' frowny head and the dirt of the sidewalk.

The pink-faced, steel-eyed old gentleman was shaking the newly gathered crowd on the street of the driving and was passing the hat for a collection to end the only time she appeared the broad-jawed youth. In one hand he bore a brimming glass of whiskey. Holding the glass to Raggles' eager lips, the youth said, invitingly: "Drink this, sport!"

"How do you feel, old man?" asked a white-jacketed ambulance surgeon, pushing through the sympathetic crowd.

"Me?" grinned Raggles. "I feel fine." And he did. He had found this early the keynote—and the heart—of New York.

Three days later in the convalescent ward of the hospital Raggles fell upon another convalescent tramp and beat him almost to death. The attendants had to pry him away by main force from the howling victim.

When order was at last restored, the head nurse undertook to act as war correspondent and to find the reason for the strange combat.

"What's this all about?" she sternly demanded of the victor.

Raggles pointed a scornful thumb at his battered opponent and growled: "He was running down me town."

"What town?" asked the head nurse, wondering at such a display of civic loyalty.

"No town," promptly replied Raggles.

(Copyright, 1916.)

Where He Came In.

"I won't have any cake around the house. They track in mud, and that I won't have."

"But I like dogs," said her husband.

"Makes no difference. I'm home around here."

"You are, eh? Where do I come in?"

"At the back door, and be sure that you wipe your feet, too."

W. C. T. Union Planning For World Wide Temperance Sunday, Nov. 12

All Sunday Schools Urged To Assist In Celebration of World's Temperance Sunday on the Twelfth of November—Mass Meeting At Poli's Theater In December.

Mrs. Emma Sanford Shelton Serving Seventh Consecutive Term As President, After Having Served Twenty-three Years As Recording Secretary. Other Work Besides Temperance Done.

At the annual convention of the W. C. T. U. held in the First Presbyterian Church last Tuesday and Wednesday, Mrs. Emma Sanford Shelton was elected to serve her seventh consecutive term as president, after having served twenty-three years as recording secretary before her election to the presidency. The office of secretary to the Young People's Branch of the W. C. T. U. in the District of Columbia, has been vacant for the last six months, and at this convention, Mrs. Edna H. Taylor was unanimously chosen to fill that place. This branch of the work, which includes all young people over sixteen years of age, is thoroughly organized, and with Mrs. Taylor as its leader will continue with intense interest.

Temperance Sunday Planned.

The Loyol Temperance Legion is composed of children between six and six-



MRS. EMMA SANFORD SHELTON, President District W. C. T. U.



MRS. EDNA PROCTOR, Leader Loyol Temperance Legion.

teen, and Mrs. Edna Proctor, who has served as their leader for the past two years, was elected to succeed her. Mrs. Theodore T. Moore was elected vice president of the District W. C. T. U.; Mrs. E. S. Henry, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Benjamin Lineback, recording secretary; Mrs. Charles P. Granfield, assistant; and Mrs. J. W. Allison, treasurer.

November 12 will be World's Temperance Sunday, and all Sunday schools are urged to assist in this great observance. At 3 o'clock the same afternoon a mass meeting will be held in Foundry M. E. Church under the auspices of the temperance committee of Foundry M. E. Church, the Anti-Saloon League, and the W. C. T. U. On December 10 the National W. C. T. U. will hold a mass meeting at Poli's, where national prohibition will be the slogan. Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Proctor are among those who will attend the national convention to be held in Indianapolis in November.

More Than 1,000 Members.

The District W. C. T. U. has nineteen adult unions with a membership of more than a thousand. While the object of the organization is temperance, yet work is carried on in many different lines, such as the distribution of literature, essays and model contest work in the public schools, earning for the sick and distressed, evangelistic work in the jails, Soldiers' Home, Marine Barracks, and other places, but the same end is always held in view—prohibition.

The Management of a School Girl

By THE CHAPERON.

To the Chaperon: Here is another mother coming to you for help. The proposition is just this. My daughter, who is a junior at one of the high schools, seems to be living just for the fun she can get out of it.

Now she barely keeps above failure. Her teachers have written to me and wondered why the change has taken place. Another thing—she is in the habit of coming to school with "having dates" for she is a very popular girl. Almost every evening some one of her boy friends comes around to only half an hour after dinner and about fifteen minutes after breakfast.

She is very fond of her boy about it. She tells me I am nagging and that she is only young once, so why shouldn't she enjoy herself? Miss Chaperon, please tell me what to do with her.

MRS. R. D. S.

THERE is one principal thing for you to do—make your daughter realize the disgrace of failure in school. She may think she is being very gay and careless in letting her work slide along as it does, but she will have to be told that such slipshod habits are hard to break and that they will characterize her entire life if she is not careful.

Her excuse is a common one. But if every one started life with this idea,

what would the world come to? Of course, she wants to have a good time, but this need not interfere with her school work.

Perhaps you have not been strict enough with her in the matter of routine. It is all a matter of establishing a habit. It is time for you to begin to lay down the law a bit. Arrange certain hours when your daughter will be expected to study. If possible, have some of her lessons yourself so that you will have some idea of what she is really accomplishing by her home work.

Limit the number of "dates" she may have each week. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings should satisfy her. The other evenings she should be getting to bed early and paying strict attention to her school work.

Girls whose parents have fixed ideas about entertaining callers will not lose in the end by careful supervision during the years when they are not always able to choose for themselves.

You will have the difficulty of facing a girl who may turn stubborn and sulky. That is to be expected, however. Girls of her age are likely to feel themselves much tyrannized over if they are not allowed to govern their own destinies. You will just have to grin and bear it for a few days or even a couple of weeks.

There are many times when mothers do not remember that they were once

young, and lose the viewpoint of youth entirely. Every mother should try to put herself in the place of her own daughter, so that her own grown-upness may not influence her too decidedly.

The question of appropriate dress is one that you, Mrs. R. D. S., as well as other mothers will have to face time and again. Fortunately, the girl of today has a much wider range of style and color from which to choose. Indeed, when I think of it, small, indeed, was the wonder that the girls of a decade ago gave way to their desire for bright things by wearing gaudy bead necklaces and belts. School dress was then uninteresting. Now the emphasis seems to be on the color of the dress, and the style is as plain as you please.

Do not let her slip out of the house mornings with her hair flaxen and her nose powdered. To be sure, all the girls are powdering their noses, but those same girls will have complexions hopelessly ruined in a few years.

Study your girl more carefully. Try to run her instincts and desires into channels more sane and worth while. That is the chief problem of the mother of a growing girl.

The Chaperon will answer questions of interest to readers of this paper. They should be addressed to her care of this office.

The Alphabetical Dots

By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.



Tommy's father was looking at the sheet of paper and said: "Is it true that the Mexicans like to gamble?"

"I am sorry to say that it is," answered his father. "The average Mexican would rather gamble than eat. They bet on bull fights, cock fights, dog fights, and all kinds of races. When we were coming through a Mexican vil-

lage one day we saw a couple of men leaning over a broken wall. They seemed very much interested in something, and we found out that they were betting on a race between a horned toad and a snake."

(To complete the picture draw a straight line from the dot marked A to the dot marked B, and so on through the alphabet.)

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Varying Atmospheric Conditions Affect The Body to Great Extent

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

WHEN your corn or bunion hurts, and you are an old-time sufferer, the chances are that you will say, "It's going to rain," or "There'll be a change in the weather." If you are a septic you will elevate your eyebrows, contract the corners of your mouth and smile disdainfully "at the very idea" that atmospheric conditions can have any physiological influence upon any portion of your anatomy.

But what does recent progress in the knowledge of physiology and atmospheric conditions show? Ask the research workers in the physiological laboratory of the Columbia University School of Medicine or Dr. Fred W. Eastman and Prof. Frederic S. Lee.

They made various experiments, one of which was to place a young man, twenty-one years of age, in excellent physical condition, who was willing to act as the subject of the tests, under conditions that would record all of his physiological changes.

He was dressed in light underclothing and light trousers, a sweater, stockings and shoes and placed in a small chamber, provided with a door and windows, as well as with facilities for humidifying and heating the room. Instruments for recording temperature, blood pressure, respiration and other activities were connected with the subject.

Danger of Stale Air.

This young man remained quietly seated in the chamber for a period of four and a half hours. The temperature of the air in the chamber was raised as quickly as possible above that of his body until it reached 110 degrees with a humidity of 85.

The door of the chamber was kept closed two and a quarter hours. Then it was opened and the air, heat and vapor were allowed to act on the subject for comfortable conditions of those outside—about 65 degrees and 51 per cent humidity.

During the experiment a record was made of the subject's temperature, pulse, respiration, blood pressure and carbonic acid gas in his air.

It was also made of the temperature and humidity of the chamber.

Chemists, physiologists, physicians and savants hold that air already breathed is rendered unfit for human use because of a lack of oxygen and an excess of carbonic acid gas and other gaseous poisons. It is, however, now known that, except under unusual circumstances, the harmfulness of stale air is not due to the chemical composition, but is found in certain physical conditions of moisture and warmth. This causes discomfort, sleepiness, flushed face, dizziness and a general feeling of debility.

There is a relationship between man's environment and his own vital fabric, even under ordinary conditions of life. If the nights are warm the bodily temperature in the morning is found to be high. If they are cool, the temperature of the tissues is lower.

For every 20 degrees difference in the temperature of the atmosphere there is one degree difference in the temperature of your anatomy. This difference is still further modified by the kind of clothing worn. Leather shoes, antler shoes, canvas shoes, cotton, woolen, and silk stockings all make a difference.

Prof. Lee and his colleagues found that whatever the temperature of a subject was at the beginning of an experiment, it was lowered by confinement in air of 85 degrees and 50 per cent humidity, and raised by confinement at 75 degrees with the same humidity.

Effect of Heat.

External temperatures also exert a definite effect on blood pressure and

the pulse. The heart beat is increased in warm, humid, atmosphere and diminished in cool, dry air. The average rate when at 65 degrees and 50 per cent humidity in 66. As the heat was increased from 74 degrees to 110 degrees in Prof. Lee's work, the pulse of the subject went from 67 to 106.

Excessively high temperatures and high humidity are associated with an elevated blood pressure. When you arise from a recumbent to a vertical posture, the threatened settling of the blood into the lower parts by gravity with the resultant bad effects, is counteracted by an automatic quickening of the heart beat and a tonic contraction of the arteries and veins. This is called "vasoconstriction." Dr. Crampton estimated a scale of percentages of vasoconstriction.

Prof. Lee and his coworkers used this scale in their researches and found that the vasoconstriction in hot and humid air, and is augmented as the air becomes cooler and drier. These results indicate that a distinct benefit to the heart, kidneys and blood streams follows exposure of the body to cool, dry air.

Extremes Affect Lungs.

Moderate degrees of heat and humidity have no effect on the lungs, but extreme conditions cause a quickened breathing and a freshened flow of oxygen to the lungs. The mucous membranes of the nose, throat, windpipe and bronchi were discovered to be greatly affected by atmospheric conditions. Exposure of the respiratory tract to heat causes congestion and swelling, and discharges like a "cold." The higher the humidity the more conspicuous are such changes, and the more they reverse the effects. When the subject passes from a cool to a hot room and a current of air is played upon the face, there occurs a diminution of the swelling and congestion and a check to the mucous discharges. Passage from a hot to a cool room, with a current of air, results in increased swelling and now of mucus. This is especially favorable for the growth of ever-present microbes of "colds."

The distaste for physical and mental labor felt on a hot, humid day is not real inability to work, as was shown by experiments with human beings who, when pushed, performed as much work in a temperature of 86 degrees and 80 per cent humidity as they did in a temperature of 65 degrees and 50 per cent humidity.

Investigation also was made of the relationship between atmospheric conditions and bacterial infections. It was found that high external temperatures check infections already existing and the respiratory diseases, especially rabbits infected with the bacillus of "snuffles"—are favored in their growth by chilling after they have become accustomed to heat. The same can be said of humans. Those who accustom themselves to warmth, warm garments, warm indoor air, suffer "colds," "snuffles" and worse when they venture into the cooler air.

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Women are funny; they cherish all sorts of pretty sentimental notions about the beauty and sacredness of HOME and they look for praise and approval when they offer you cakes or preserves that are home made, but they would rather barter their immortal souls than wear a home made suit—at any rate, one that looks home made.

AMUSEMENTS

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